of his death, which was amply reported, and sustained its interest even until the funeral—wreaths and mourners eagerly examined; sobs, tears, anguished looks, all recorded, and indignation expressed when, some weeks later, the chair in which he was sitting when he shot himself, was knocked down for a paltry sum at an auction of his effects.

Like a dark octopus with many quivering tentacles, curiosity hungered, and in being fed, hungered the more. Protests were lodged against its rapacity, but they were unavailing. Cameras were all-seeing eyes, and telephones all-hearing ears. 'Mother who starved for her Children—Pictures.' She must be seen, lean and desolate and heroic. The wife's kiss, the widow's tear, the murderer's terror, the lover's desire—these must be made palpable to feeling and to sight. Words lost their force; leaded, staring, becoming ever bigger and ever fewer. It was the eye which required, and was given, sustenance.

In America Colonel Lindbergh's baby was kidnapped. What a concentration of attention on this melancholy happening, hearts panting after news of it like the hart after the water-brook; newsmen descending, a resolute army not to be gainsaid, coming on foot, in motor-cars, aeroplanes even; no detail too small to escape their attention, no scene too poignant to abash their rest-less pencils. Breathlessly the sequence of events was followed—dollar-notes tossed over a cemetery wall, the help of underworld characters invoked, a curious retired schoolmaster, John F. Condon, purporting to act, under the pseudonym 'Jafsie', as intermediary between the kidnappers and Colonel Lindbergh, and momentarily famous, his tight-lipped mouth and dull

features easily recognised. When the baby's remains were found, interest waned, and Colonel Lindbergh and his wife decamped to Europe, hopeful that there they might escape the publicity which had become distasteful to them.[21]

[21] They decamped back to America when war broke out, finding even publicity more bearable than war. Colonel Lindbergh celebrated his home-coming by a broadcast advising his fellow-countrymen at all costs to preserve their neutrality.